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The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bullettu has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwick. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses, 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily. Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixtyare postoffice districts, and forty-

one rural free delivery routes. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. goutes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

2001, average 4,412

ter than a board of politicians, but in

could have done worse, since as here spect, if it does not approve or apportrayed there must have been a pland. straight loss of \$42,000 in a transac-tion covering \$80,000. The grafters appear to have got in their work,

SPEED AND DESTRUCTION.

It is the speed maniac who brings the best-built automobile to an untimely end. The life of any machine is regulated by the way in which that machine is used. The life of a wheel is the number of revolutions it is capable of making and when the num-ber has been made, whether it be one year or five, that wheel has become defunct. This principle is the sam with every machine built and in the may waste his patrimony by his excesses. A joy rider may take more out of an automobile in his care and keeping in a few wild hours than should have been taken out of it in week of temperate pleasure seeking of days of moderate and sensibly conducted business. Those who elect to run up to speed, who delight in fast travel, are paying three or four times as much for their pleasure as those who run within bounds, conserve the power of their machine, ride with less peril, observe more that is pleasing en route and in general have a much more profitable time in every way There are owners of automobiles who never give a thought to waste of enor needless wear and tear and in a few months their machines look worse than some that have been in use four times as long. It is apparent that half the automobiling world doesn't yet know how to run an auto-

PEDESTRIANISM.

Since the great across-the-continent feat was accomplished by Weston, other men have tried to see what they could do against time and a New York men did 75 miles in 19 hours; and a New Jersey doctor, in his 59th year, did 90 miles in 24 surprising everyone by his powers of endurance. There is no kind of physical exercise which gives more health and pleasure than walking and recognizing this, walking clubs are being formed in all the colleges of the country, and pedestrianism promises to be more popular than

The weason for walking is just opening. The country is at its best. Nature never were a more beautiful garb than at present, and all outdoors is calling to the student and the clerk well as the athlete, to improve the opportunity to bring health opportunity to bring health to the body, bloom to the cheek and happiness to the heart. What can be finer than a vacation spent in walking through our beautiful land, in the Berkshires, along the coast of Maine, or on the forest trails of New England, seeing the country in a manner impossible from a railroad train, and malcing intimate acquaintance with Dame Nature in all her beauty, stor-ing up a wealth of health to draw upon when winter's ley vell closes the opportunity and indoor duties ie closely confined.

It is the outdoor life which gives a good appetite, invites the best booked for the shore or the mounbest thoughts; Nature inspires the mind to high thinking by its beauty, and to picture seeing whether one looks up or down

MEDICO VS. MEDICO. One hundred physicians of emi-nence and ability have found it nec-

essary to organize a National League of Medical Ereedom in order to preserve their own practice from invasion and to protect the people from an invasien of their rights—the right to consult their own physician and to ot upon his recommendation in times politics, and the subjection of a free people to all kinds of inspection, to enforced dental and other operations, and to compulsory vaccinations when healthy to stay disease, is unworthy of this century and worthy the attention and intelligent activity of the people everywhere, for it is a tyranay which will prevent a citizen from consulting his own family physician in many cases. The Bulletin agrees with the Portland, Me., Press that such a condition as this league charges the National Medical board with seeking would never answer in our free country. As well legislate that all men should be Presbyterians as to make legal only the practice of one school of medicine. To take these intimate personal matters into politics and to attempt a paternalism which should interfere with the rights of the individual, would lead to compilication so serious as to ruin the freedom of which we boast. If one school of medicine was in political control today and it legislated out of the right to practice all its competitors, it might itself be overturned, and another school of medicine become the only authorized method of healing the body, under another administration. So turmoil and uncertainty which would not be conducive to the national health or national happiness would certainly result. If the need is that all men should be Presbyterians would certainly result. If the need is is nature. as great as the promoters of this lengue think it to be, the league has been started none too soon.

A MINISTER FOR LICENSE.

When the Rev. William Wasson of Grace Protestant Episcopal church at Riverhead, L. L, resigned his pastorate to become a lecturer for the license system or the promotion of the truly respectable saloon, hundreds of A BOARD OF BUSINESS MEN. thousands of pious Americans gasped It is always thought that a board just as if he had committed the unpardonable sin, or was the only min-ister in America who would be guilty ctual service this is not always so. of such an act. We do not see how What is needed to do business right a minister could really do this, but in public life is sharp and honest men we know that he has the sympathy of and it does not matter then what they a great many ministers and a great may be called. Kansas City has just many more laymen who believe in a a great many ministers and a great business men in its water department es and his personal responsibility if and they were buncoed into paying he uses excessively fluids which \$80,000 for 76 acres of land at \$1,000 should only be used in moderatiton. an acre, and the price was twice as We know that ministers are human, high as the value of land in the vicinity; and of this board of business men, the Kansas City Journal says:

This board of business men' apparently did not take the trouble to Wasson has the courage of his confind out how much the property in the victions and at great personal cost has vicinity was worth, who owned the advocated high license in the face of property bought, or any other essen- the sharpest opposition on the part facts, but seems to have been in of the church and the prohibition elesuch a hurry to get rid of public and ment everywhere. The Rev. Mr. Wasback to private business that it left all the details to others instead of ascertaining them for itself. This transaction is a mere detail, but it needs more of. Intolerance does not shows that business boards do not always transact the city's business the way of degradation. True temperature in all things, shows that business boards do not advance any people, for it certainly is business man would pay for four more problems. Since the truth is mighty acres of ground than he got or would and will prevail, we need not worry pay anything at all until he found ourselves about the triumph of error. ut whether the price was a reason- Honest men in honest advocacy differ from one another upon all subjects. exhibit of this kind to voters. It is respect. The time is coming when a goes to not likely that a board of grafters tolerant world will listen with re-

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When you do not know what to do next, just ask a Son of Rest. Chicago's new terminal station ac

The comet doesn't interfere with ongress as much as baseball does.

Venus has been much admired but she must be jealous of Halley's com-

The straw hat for 1910 is a wonder if it is designed to make a man look

Eleven years in jail need not spoil oleman. He might spend it in studying law or theology It is alleged that \$100,000 will not be enough to raise the Maine, but it

is enough to raise Hades The census is a disappointment to the cities, but no complaints are heard from the country towns.

Happy thought for today: Jordan is ot such a hard road to travel since the introduction of the automobile,

Washington street might be referred to as a boulevard, if a man could find joy in pushing a handcart through it.

deference to his being a man instead

The piano makers held a national convention at Richmond, Va. Richmond lost nothing by facing the music. The demand for coal is said to be

up to the expectations of the barons, but it was not down to the hopes of the consumers. The gumshoe practices are nothing new to Washington. They are always

heard of in connection with congressional inquiries. The astronomer who went up in to better observe the aurora when the comet swept the earth, was

a high-flyer, anyhow.

It is pleasant to be assured that the veterans will not be in any danger of getting lost in the high grass of Chelsea parade on Memorial day.

The man on the corner said yesterday: "I'd rather be a dog warden than an assessor, for that means a V for everything you do instead of kick.

ep and in active brain excites the tains this summer, are planning to dren in Mohegan park.

We print elsewhere this morning a of interest 75 years from now.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

With reference to the comet the sensational papers set the imaginations of some people running amuck, and they get all kinds of queer notions into their heads. It will not knock the world askew, for it is running by Divine schedule and has been running safe for 2,300 years. There is seldom a year that the astronomers do not see several comets in our sky. Encke's comet returns every 31-2 years, Halley's every 76 years, but the great comet seen in 1844 is not expected to come in halling distance again for 100,000 years. In the matter of speed, comets that make three miles a second are slow coaches. Halley's at last accounts was making over 1,900 miles a minute. slow coaches. Halley's at last accounts was making over 1,900 miles a minute. This world of ours is swinging around the sun once a year at a speed of 500 miles a minute, and it has been going millons of years and doesn't collide or wear out. We need not be afraid, the Engineer is an expert and we have a clear track.

If the key to success looked like a nightkey more people would know it when they see it; but it is questionable whether some of them would be in a condition to use it. If they had the key they might not be able to find the keyhole. The Divine plan is that man shall get wisdom, and a drift toward foolishness is no aid to accomplishment of any kind. Nature furnishes nothing with excesses but alarm; and it is the part of wisdom to take notice and avoid disaster. No one can persist in defying nature and live the full timeallotted to man. It is not smart to do absurd things; but a few people persist in making nightmares of life in spite of the good genius who would restrain them.

is it does not matter then what they a great many ministers and a great. What is one going to do when his ay be called. Kansas City has just many more laymen who believe in a eyes tell how miserable he is, his nose do an experience with a board of citizen's right to drink what he pleashe is. On the whole, it is not so strange that some people look at us, or that we wish that they wouldn't. But few people really know this, and fewer can read countenances, so most people look at a man because he has a port or his nose or a woman because wart on his nose, or a woman because the has a she chalks so beautifully. Most people stare at us in a box car because they cannot help it, or because they wonder why we don't walk instead of ride in that fashion. It is not so easy to tell why people are so interested in us.

If every married man had a ready-made excuse when he is cornered by a suspicious wife it might not be any better for him. What surprises the men is what a poor excuse will satisfy a confiding wife. The man who watch-es with a sick friend found this out long ago, and the man who is staying out to see the comet is well aware of always transact the city's business the way of degradation. True tem-with the scrutiny and acumen the members would devote to their private business. It is inconceivable that any re is nothing satisfactory in an and their convictions are worthy of known, the consolation prize oftenest

dyspepsia. Since pollcemen seldom die except from old age, serve long and faithfully, and usually die pensioners. faithfully, and usually die pensioners, it is apparent enough that the cooks are experts who feed them, and that there is no cause for anxiety in this direction. In the selection of cooks the policemen apparently make no mistakes, hence they seldom call the doctor. If it had been written too many crooks spoil the digestion of the policeman, that would have been truer, for they not only spoil his digestion but often spoil his picture.

The flowing bowl looks like a cup of happiness to a greenhorn, but the man who has had experience with it knows that it is a delusion and a snare. A man who sits down convivially with it at night can't tell who he will be sitthat hight can't tell who he will be sitting with the next morning. He may be sitting with a doctor, a policeman or his wife, or he may be just waiting for the coroner. The possibilities of the flowing bowl are past finding out. Some men have sat with it so long that there have have nearly such cinders of rethey have become such cinders of re-spectability that their old acquaint-ances don't know them, and they have no patience with themselves. The flowing bowl drowns every good qual-ity in a man and just leaves the brute in all his deformity.

When the census enumerators were taking the census they were surprised at so many women giving the age of \$5. Now an English woman calls at-tention to the fact that between 25 It makes no difference to American politicians how long the comet's tail is, since there is nothing in it for them.

The comet's tail is a million miles which, but it makes little difference whether the earth took it thin or thick.

Ten pounds have been taken off the Massachusetts infantryman's pack in deference to his being a man instead of the Nasachusetts infantryman's pack in deference to his being a man instead of the will do. Uncle Sam must be amazed at the number of old citizens who have young wives, but he will never attempt young wives, but he will never attempt to investigate it.

Seeing the letter carrier with his loaded bag reminds me that some one has said that 90 in every 100 letters is a waste of postage. In other words, they are not worth carting 'round; but the writers do not think so, and I doubt whether the letter carrier would accept this saying for a truth, for he makes a very good living carrying them round, and gets no little amusement out of the signs of joy which these "sweet little nothings" evoke. He doesn't find everybody pleasant, for half the world does not know how to smile or when. The letter carrier has everybody to please, and has an occupation that can never and has an occupation that can never be wholly satisfactory. If he learns to laugh at Mrs. Grouph and to give the bad dog good lessons he is well on to his job. It looks like a simple service but it takes a clever fellow to perform

Nature is an art gallery to me, and as I wander about I see prettler pic-tures than the greatest artist can paint. Of a recent nightfall I became

diagram of the comet exactly as it appeared in the eastern heavens on the morning of May 13th. It is the work of Capt. George R. Case, who is an amateur artist as well as asronomer, and an accurate observer. Captain Case has furnished drawings of Halley's comet and an illustration of the orbits of Jupiter's group of comets for the Hartford Post with acompanying stories. This cut will be

THE SOMETHING WITHIN US

on the home stretch and drop in exhaustion just before the goal was reached. It was so in our childish plays at home. Given a certain distance from my pursuer, I could run like a deer; but let the distance leasen, let him approach too near, above all, let him put out a hand to "catch" me, and, where any one of the other players would have spurted, I would falter, half paralyzed, and drop to the ground in sheer, physical inability to run at all. I am drawing the analogy now in my work. I am like the racer. He dashes forward, he holds his own, he passes one signal post after another, until he is on the home stretch, his goal in sight, his laboring heart almost home. Courage! Draw the heaving breath once more, yet once more, and once more again. Courage! Courage! Bravo! Almost home! Huzza! He makes it. He wins. But what is this? Down? Yes, down! Breathless, crushed, beaten! The racers rush by. That last sprint was the strain too much. That last bounding effort to live beat out the very life-throb itself. (Written for The Bulletin.)

Brother mine, you beg me to take up my pen again, and you ask me to tell you why I ever laid it down. Perhaps it was because real life, with its struggles, its joys, its bafflements, its triumphs and victories, is so much more absorbing than any mere invention of my own could be, because I have grown to feel such reverence for it and all that it involves, and because my fellow travelers, men and women and children, have become not only dearer to me, but sacred. If, then, I do not write of real life, what remains but the telling of fairy tales? But neither can genuine fairy tales be written today. Either our tired old world has outgrown its baby-day delight in sun myths and shining heroes and demigods, or, now that we are getting to know the truths of nature in their naked beauty, it has lost patience with symbols. When the real appears, the unreal vanishes in dream. Modern novels weary me a little, I believe. You and I know, brother mine. Appears, the unreal vanishes in dream.
Modern novels weary me a little, I believe. You and I know, brother mine,
that human beings do not work their
way through long, elaborate, intricate
plots, but that we do all live by the
law of cause and effect. Real life is
compelling, sublime.

Who better than the painter or the poet knows the pain of impotency in self-expression? Who but a dumb genius is conscious of that something within, that is like a bird beating against the bars of its cage in the struggle to fly free; the something within that is never at rest, never at peace, whose heart is bursting, yet whose lips are forever dumb? It is because I know that all men have this hidden genius, this inward urge, that I confess to mine. The supreme effort of creative energy is to bring hidden truth into visible expression. The supreme tragedy of life is in the conflict between the inner and the outer, in the wrestling of the ensheathed soul for freedom from its swaddling bands. As I look into the faces of my fellow travelers I dream glad dreams of the coming day when the something within that is struggling now in them and in me, half-smothered perhaps under the heavy mufflings of ignorance and slavery to convention, shall have grown and grown and learned, at last, to stretch its wings to high and noble flight.

When I was a child I wrote as a child, for the sheer love of it. Sometimes I dare to hope that years hence when I am old enough to be a child when I am old enough to be a child again, the gift of song may come singing back to me on wings. For my little gift has been my purest joy. Poets will tell you that the birth of a lyric is as though the morning stars sang together. It brings with it no labor nor sorrow. It wells forth without effort—in lines in couplets, now in one metre, now in another—and all that the poet has to do is to let the sweet notes come. Verses are written and little songs are sung as the robin redbreast sings—because he cannot help it. The infinite essence expresses itself in his gay little morning call, his mating lay, his even-song. Even so, as naturally and as spontaneously, song is the utterance of the poet, the singer, the soaring swallow, bird of heaven, the eternal child.

If I were a race horse, I know I should race splendidly, neck and neck, but I fear I should pant for my life

SUNDAY MORNING TALK

VOCATIONS AND AVOCATIONS

Cousin Goodfellow and I had a live-

ly discussion at luncheon the other

noon over the old question as to

whether the shoemaker should stick to

his last. He was in a rather sarcastic

mood for him and waxed eloquent over

the disposition many people have to undertake the other fellow's job to do which they are illy qualified. "There's my friend Exploiter," he went on. "He's a mighty good advertising man and has established a large and paying agency, but why should he think he has any ability as an inventor

passes my comprehension. He puts lots of time and money into silly little

devices that he thinks are going to have a great run, but which never come to much. Another crony of mine,

a fine civil engineer imagines he has some literary talent and has actually turned out about 150 typewritten pages of something he calls a story When I last saw him he was still calling on the publishers in the hope that some one of them would put his goods on the market.

that some one of them would put his goods on the market.

"That's the way it goes in this world of ours. The bookkeeper gets a cobbler's kit and thinks he can save money by mending his chilidren's shoes. The minister undertakes to do his own carpentering and pounds his thumb so badly that he has to go to the surgeon, while almost every mother's son of us in spring and early summer has a hankering for the soil and we spend our spare moments

soil and we spend our spare moments in amateur and rather inoffectual farm-ing or horticulture. Everywhere the same spectacle, folks yearning to do things nature never intended them for

shirking their regular duties perhaps in order to test their abilities along

enamored of an elm tree, a cobalt blue of the second found this out one ago, and the man who is staying out to see the comet is well aware of it. But, then, if the women were as it in a wayward husbands would have become it proverb that "More married men would make fools of themselves if their wives would let them." When it comes to playing the game of life, the gentler sex appear oftenest to hold four aces. If the truth were really known, the consolation prize oftenest goes to the men.

It has been said that too many cooks are apt to spoil the digestion of the policeman, but it should be remarked that the policemen rarely suffer from the policemen rarely suffer from the condenses. Since policemen seldom die

Smith had confined himself to his painting we should have missed some of the most piquant short stories in all the range of modern literature. An avocation is a mighty good thing provided it is not carried too far."

"But that's just the peril," continued my companion. "I know a fine young fellow just out of college who went last fall to the principalship of a high school. He has a good singing voice and quite a gift for acting and he has allowed himself to be drawn into most of the local concerts and dramatics to the real neglect of his school duties.

of the local concerts and dramatics to
the real neglect of his school duties.
He ought first of all to have made
good with his school work."
On that last point I should be as
insistent as anyone. It does not pay
to spread ourselves too thin. Blessed
is the man that puts his vocation first,
but when he has conscientiously done
that blessed too, say I, is the man who
has a side interest that may refresh
him after the monotonous toil of the has a side interest that may refresh him after the monotonous toil of the day, it is to be hoped, a better man. One may keep hens or collect stamps or old furniture or play at forestry or study Shakespeare, or paint old china or cultivate a class of bright boys in Sunday school, or correspond with a foreign missionary, and he may do any of these things in such a way as to enrich his own life and at the same time store up power wherewith he shall better discharge his vocation. The summer season, on which we are so soon to enter, is a good time to so soon to enter, is a good time to consider the relation of vocation to avocation and how the one may be tributary to the other.

THE PARSON. Let Wall Street Rejoice. The Colonel's voice is reported practically gone. He may be able to ride 90 miles a day, but he cannot talk over Europe without paying the penalty.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Preparing for His Return. What are we going to kill when the Colonel comes home? A fatted calf will look very tame to him.—Memphis

lines on which they can never com- Commercial Appeal.

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This morning a bright, new hope came to me, borne on the wings of a helpful thought. I began to realize that instead of being pricked and prodded by our inward urge, we may co-operate with it and rejoice in it: that we may recognize it and chum with it, take it into our confidence and talk with it as with our best friend; in a word, that it is just this something within that makes us at one with the Eternal and akin to all earth's greatest and grandest, as well as its humblest souls. It is that within us which forces us to be and become, to do and to conquer; that within that assures us of life, and is life; that which makes all life worth living, and all true work worth doing; that in us which "can" and therefore will and does. Folded away deep in the soul of Everyman is the living essence, and it is each soul's problem to bring it out into the light, that it may blossom and bud and bear fruit. The first step is recognition. We must know amd understand this inner self, we must make glad acquaintance with our own innermost spirit. The spark of inner fire must become conscious of itself. Next, we must take to our-Lee & Osgood Co.'s Prescription

HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED OVER

our own innermost spirit. The spark of inner fire must become conscious of itself. Next, we must take to ourselves a great, grand, calm patience. Growing, and knowing that we grow, through all the eternal ages we can wait. And it is the same thought, brother mine that even as we live our life from within outward, so the poetsoul must create from the center, must write or paint or sing or work or play

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